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Desperadoes as Peace Officers.

Written for the St. Johns Herald.

The article which appeared in your issue of June 7th, has received the unqualified approbation of the entire territorial press; at least, of all those papers whose editors are intelligently posted on the territory and its political history; the exceptions, are those ignorant of, or who purposely misconstrue the intent and meaning thereof. To further illustrate my position: Take Tombstone under the regime of desperadoes—the Earp-Clanton gangs—all or nearly all peace-officers of course. Matters had arrived at such an intolerable pitch in Tombstone, that for self-protection and in order to rid themselves of this sort of disreputable cut-throats, a number of the best citizens concocted a plan to get the two gangs to fighting, knowing that one side or the other (and to the respectable element, it mattered little which) would be wiped out, and it was just as certain that the side doing the wiping would have to pull their freight also. The result of that plan is well known to all.

And again, the recent gun-play at Florence, between Joe Phyl and Pete Gabriel, both ex-peace officers, is also well-known to the "tenderfeet," even if their antecedents is not.

I will carry my illustrations still further, and take a retrospective view of old Yavapai county. Van C. Smith was the first sheriff, appointed such, ad interim, by Gov. John N. Goodwin. At the first election, Jerome Calkins was installed sheriff, who, immediately after qualifying, appointed John Burk his under-sheriff. At this time, October, 1864, one A. G. Dunn was doing a mercantile business at Prescott. During the winter of 1864, a Mr. McMahan, with his Mexican wife, resided in a log-cabin on Granite creek, about one hundred yards below another log cabin, through courtesy, called the Prescott hotel. A few days previous to the occurrences which I am about to relate, A. G. Dunn and Sol —, an Israeli old-timer, had some words over the ownership, or the possession of another Mexican female. Late one evening Sol was visiting McMahan's cabin, and while there one of the inmates reported Dunn coming to the cabin. In those early days, every one carried arms as a matter of necessity, and Dunn always carried a small Ballard rifle, but no six-shooter. Sol was armed with two regulation-size Colts, also a bowie-knife; and parties who professed to know, say Sol had also a derringer pistol in each pocket. Notwithstanding his batteries, but acting on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor, Sol crawled under the bed. Dunn entered the cabin, placing his gun in an opposite corner of the room, sat down on a stool with his back against the one and only bed. McMahan was uneasy fearing Dunn might discover Sol, and as already a bad odor seemed to permeate the nasal organs of all in the room, he came to the hotel after the peace officers, both of whom were in the hotel; in fact, Burk was running the hostelry at that particular time. Entering, Mc. spoke to Burk saying "go down to my cabin and cap Dunn away, Sol is there under the bed, and I think in a h—l of a fix." Sheriff Calkins being present says: "Yes, you go Burk, and give Dunn some sort of a stiff, get him up here, and we'll tell him about Sol and all get the drinks on him." Accordingly, Burk and McMahan returned to the cabin, entering together; Burk walked up to within six feet of Dunn, and without uttering a word, shot him with a deringer, intending, as he boastfully said a few minutes afterward, to shoot him through the head. Burk's shot took effect pretty high up in

Dunn's left shoulder near the base of the neck. Dunn sprang to his feet, saying: "You d—d s—n of a b—h, what are you shooting me for?" and immediately darted across the room for his gun. The brave (?) under-sheriff saw that his nerve or his aim had been defective, turned tail and ran away like a cur. In running away he stumbled, which, perhaps, saved his life, for at the instant of falling, Dunn fired, striking Burk's thumb off his right hand, and tearing the stock off his deringer. Dunn replaced his gun in the corner and sat down. Mc. says "Have you killed Burk?" "Don't know," replied Dunn, "the cur ought to be if not."

Parties in the cabin tried to persuade Dunn to go home and have Dr. Alsop dress his wound, but he refused for a time; shortly afterward, however, Dunn started for home and stepped outside the cabin door. In the meantime, Burk came back to the Hotel and reported to Calkins, who, accompanied by Charlie Ott, proceeded at once to the scene of his brave (?) under-sheriff's exploit; arriving there just as Dunn came out of the cabin. Dunn saw the party approaching to arrest him and made no offers to resist as he had nothing to make such resistance possible. The valiant (?) sheriff walked up to within 20 feet of Dunn, and without speaking a word, fired four shots, all taking effect in Dunn's body. Whatever might have been said of Dunn, he was clear grit to the back-bone, and after quietly receiving the last four shots, says to the sheriff: "You cowardly s—n of a b—h, what are you, too, shooting me for?" "I am going to arrest you," says the sheriff. "Well," replied Dunn, "arrest me like a man and not shoot me down, like a dirty, cowardly dog that you are; if I had a gun I would kill you like a coyote." Dunn was brought to the hotel, where all present expected to see him expire within a few minutes. Dr. John T. Alsop made an examination of the wounds, and expressed the opinion that he would not live through the night. Dr. Coues, at Fort Whipple was also sent for, not with any expectation of saving the wounded man's life, but solely for humanity's sake. After Dunn's five wounds were dressed, he said to Dr. Coues: "I haven't had a drink for an hour, suppose we all take something." The glasses were filled with Burk's frontier 'chain-lightning,' and Dunn holding up his glass of whiskey, said: "Here's hoping I may live long enough to wipe out the two brave shooters of to-night." The writer sat up with Dunn that night, and supposed it impossible for him to see another sun rise. Two of the 44-pistol balls passed directly through the abdomen, coming out one on either side of, and close to the spine. Suffice it to say, Dunn survived this brutal and cowardly attempt at assassination; Burk begged off like a cur, and was told by Dunn that "if you ever again even look cross-eyed at me, I will cut your ears off your cowardly carcass."

There was some talk amongst the miners of lynching the sheriff, but as Dunn was supposed to be a "bad man," nothing was done in that line. Calkins kept shady for quite a long while, and finally pulled his freight for other parts. Were it necessary, I could recite many other like occurrences of a more recent date, but have said enough for the present.

The county of Pinal is in the best financial condition of any political division of the Territory. It has no bonded indebtedness and only a small amount of unpaid warrants are outstanding, which will all be paid from the tax levy of the present year. Its rate of taxation is the lowest in the Territory, and all its affairs are managed with fidelity and economy.—Enterprise.

Petrified Forests.

This deposit is situated about twenty-five miles southeast of Holbrook in Apache county. The silicified trees are found protruding from the the volcanic ash and lava, which is covered with sandstone to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. In the gulches where the water has worn away the sandstone they lie exposed.

Petrified wood, abounds in sections where precious minerals are found, but so far as explored this one locality only, affords silicified material in its innumerable combinations of color. Sections of this fallen forest, whose only rivals are the gaints of the Yosemite and Calaveras, lie around in profusion, measuring from two to ten feet in diameter, containing all the colors of the rainbow, some of whose hearts are solid crystals of amethyst and topaz, and only a slight degree from the diamond in hardness.

The park has yielded many splendid specimens over which lapidists have gone wild, but Mr. Adams has in his possession the most curious bit that has ever been discovered anywhere. It is a small, oblong section of chalcedony in which the faces of President Cleveland and Gen. Logan, and the full figure of a nude female with her hair banded in modern style, appears wreathed in a marvelous fern-like tracery of dentrite, the effect being beautiful in color and unparalleled in the delicacy and lifelikeness of its singular portraiture. The ferns are a harmonious blending of the dentrite in yellows, reds, blues, greens, purples, etc., varying in shade according to the light, and the faces and figures are formed by their arrangement like the figures in a puzzle picture.—Chicago mail.

Russia Iron.

Probably the only secret process which has been kept inviolate, and for ages openly defied the world of science, is the iron trade of Russia. The secret of making Russian sheet iron is owned by the Government, and is such an immense monopoly that it is currently supposed to defray the entire expenses of the Government. The works, constitute an entire city, isolated and fortified against the rest of the world. When a workman enters the service, he bids a last farewell to his family and friends, and is practically lost to the rest of the world. He is never heard from afterward, and whether he lives or dies, all trace of him is forever lost. There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would-be traitor. In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and, despite their protestations that they could not read they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter, and it was afterward decreed that the guards themselves should pass the remainder of their days within the works. The wonderful properties of this iron are so well known that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them.

Joe Gibson, the mail contractor Globe and Verde route informed us of the discovery of a wonderful rich ledge of silver, located near the head of Canyon creek, close to the line of Yavapai and Apache counties. The locators are Lew Robison, John Gilled and Frank Bissig, of Rayson. The ledge is large and crops out for some distance. The ore is black sulphuret, and a small piece given to us by Mr. Gibson, is very rich. The specimen has been subjected to heat, and the surface is studded with little beads of the pure metal. Fuller particulars of the find will probably be received this evening.—Silver Belt.

Construct Reservoirs.

The method of saving water in reservoirs for the purpose of irrigation and household use, is one that eventually will come into use in Arizona on an extensive scale. In Africa where the rainfall is extremely light, splendid crops are raised by the use of water caught during the rainy season in immense reservoirs. The fact that during the rainy season in Arizona, particularly in Pima and Cochise, great quantities of water pours down the mountain sides, causing freshets, injuring farms by washing the soil away and wasting itself in the sea, is one that set people to thinking. If only a small part of this was saved in reservoirs, the farmers on the dryest uplands could have a plentiful supply the year round. Of course, the construction of reservoirs of adequate size would require capital. This might be raised by the formation of companies among those who might be benefitted by the water. No investment would yield more certain, and few a more speedy return. Those supplied with water in this way could laugh at the elements. The "dry season" would no longer be an object of apprehension. The irrigation question would be largely settled. Nothing is more certain than that a great part of the desert lands of New Mexico and Arizona will in time be made productive by such means, and will in time be inhabited by populous communities.—Phoenix Gazette.

Bad for Nervous People.

The fifteen puzzle which some years ago demoralized the general public here and elsewhere is to have a successor. The same firm that constructed the fifteen puzzle has devised another soul-dismaying article. The latter affair is called the forty-nine blizzard puzzle, and while like the former, it may be solved, it is likely to render any person who attempts to conquer it a fit candidate for Bloomingdale before the task is finished. Like the fifteen puzzle this one is made up of small wooden blocks, each numbered. There are forty-nine of them in all, and the point to be gained is to arrange them in such a way that they will count 175 sixteen times across the square box in which they are arranged. There are several thousand ways to fail in an attempt to solve the puzzle and only one way to solve it. For persons who have abundant time which they do not know what to do with the new puzzle will be a treat. Its inventors believe that it will become even more popular than the fifteen puzzle, of which millions were sold.—New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Lyman Follett, from near Fort Thomas, is in the city. He informs the Star that cattle in the western end of Graham county are in magnificent condition; pasturage is excellent. The calf crop this season has been unusually large, hence stockmen are all happy. The grain crop is the largest that has ever been in Graham county, and farmers are now busy hauling wheat and barley. Hay is also a good crop. There is considerable fruit. The late frost caught some of the early fruits. The farming population is increasing all along the valley and Mr. Follett thinks the immigration into the Gila valley will be large this fall and winter and he truly says there is room enough for all.—Tucson Star.

There was consummated at Denton, Texas, on June 28th, one of the largest cattle transactions of the season. Henry C. Clark, of Dallas, Texas, sold to Thomas Williams, of Denver, Colorado, 8,000 head of stock cattle for the sum of \$100,000 the cattle to be taken from Clark's Knox county ranch.—Southwestern Stockman.

New York to Buenos Ayres by Rail.

The day is not far distant when an all-rail line will connect New York City with Buenos Ayres the capital of Argentine Republic, in South America. The plan is certainly feasible. An international railroad extending from the United States through Mexico, Central America, and draining South America, from one extreme to the other, must of necessity cement international trade on the American continent. Much more has been accomplished toward a realization of this railroad project than is commonly credited. Within the past three years the south American States have actually built and surveyed routes at least one third of the distance, about 1000 miles, between Buenos Ayres and Bogota the capital of Columbia, not 500 miles from De Lesseps' canal in Panama. Railroad connections are already established between our country and the City of Mexico. And the task of binding the Spanish Republics of the south to the Mexican capital, though of a stupendous character, is certainly within the possibilities of engineering triumphs. The completion of De Lesseps' great canal at Panama will be a great stimulus to the project. Undoubtedly the gap of 1000 miles between the City of Mexico and the Panama Canal will be closed by railroad connection as soon as the commercial importance of the interoceanic canal is established. There would be, in that event, about 2500 miles to be built between the Panama Canal and the termini of the railroads leading northward from Buenos Ayres. The difficulties in the way of a South American Railroad are no greater than the obstacles which attended the building of the Union Pacific twenty years ago. What can be done in the next twenty years may now appear fanciful and harebrained.—Omaha Bee.

The Socorro Chieftain suggests a scheme for bringing about confusion worse than that experienced at the tower of Babel. It says:

"How would it be for the editorial fraternity of the Territory to follow the example of the clergy in exchanging pulpits every now and again, and exchange the editorial chair? The reader, too, might appreciate the move. With Judge De Baun on the Times and Whitmore on the Chieftain; with Albright expounding Democracy on the Citizen and Tom Hughes teaching true Republican doctrine in the Democrat; we say with Russ Kistler steering the political course of the New Mexican, and the New Mexican man opening the eye of the Optic; with Col. Blake preaching the gospel on the New Mexico Methodist and Brother Harwood looking after the worldly welfare of The News—all this for a few trips might possibly be appreciated. But, Great Scott! what a commotion there would be, my countrymen!"

The "coon boom" is now on in South Carolina, and the colored population are especially affected by it. The devotees of the sport are easily recognized as appears by the annexed from The Carolina Spartan: "When you see an old-time darkey, with one gallus on, a horn worn smooth with long use, a sharp ax sticking out at his shirt collar behind, a business-looking half-bounded that puts on no airs, a bottle yellow cur, considerably scarred up, and a half-grown pup that he carries along, 'to see if he won't learn some sense,' you may know that he is going a coon hunting."

A Coroner's jury summoned to inquire into the death of a Chinaman who suicided recently at the penitentiary at Yuma, rendered a verdict that "he came to his death by hanging by his own hand."

Allen Land Owners.

Very few people have any idea of the vast areas of government land held by alien land-holders in the United States. The largest tract, four million five hundred thousand acres, is held by the Holland Company, of New Mexico. An English syndicate holds three million acres in Texas; Sir Edward Reid and a syndicate in Florida own two million acres; one million eight hundred thousand acres belong to an English syndicate in Mississippi; one million three hundred thousand to the Phillips-Marshall Company, of London; and one million six hundred thousand acres to a German syndicate. These comprise the larger land-holders. There are, however, a score or more of persons and syndicates owning less than seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. The grand total foots up to twenty million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand acres of government land held by aliens in the United States.—Argonaut.

Absurd Rumor.

It is said that the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad—in the interest of compelling the cattlemen having cattle on their unfenced land grant, to buy land of them or run their cattle out of the country—will endeavor to have the legislature pass a law to compel cattlemen to fence their ranches and thus stop the free range system. This effort, if successful, would strike a death blow to Arizona's most profitable industry. Such an act would be an absurdity, viewed from any point, and if the railroad undertakes to compel the purchase of their lands through a subterfuge of this kind, it can not but result disastrously to them, as such a suicidal step as wiping out the cattlemen of Arizona would effect disastrously every business man in the Territory. We can not help but regard such a statement as to the intentions of the Atlantic & Pacific as simply a rumor without foundation.—Tucson Citizen.

An exchange says that the validity of the celebrated Maxwell land grant is soon to be put to a severe test. The Inter-State Company, which, under the leadership of Charles Goodnight, the Texas cattle king, purchased Beals' grant a few years ago, has just secured the original papers in Beals' grant, and will soon institute suits in the United States Courts to dispossess the owners of the Maxwell grant, which is in the territory comprising the Beals grant. The land covers millions of acres in New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas, and is of enormous value, as a number of towns are located thereon, Trinidad being one of the number. The Inter-State Company began suit in Colorado some time ago, but found their case was worthless without the original papers, and an agent was sent to Europe to secure them. After nine years' search he succeeded in finding them, and they are now ready to proceed.

Physician's wife—Are your affairs in bad shape, John? Physician—Yes, but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.

Bobby—Ma, did the doctor bring me in the night time or day time? Mother—In the night time, Bobby. Bobby—Well, I guess that's the reason I don't remember anything about it; I must have been asleep.

Last news from the spirit world —Medium: "The spirit of the late Mr. Jones is present." Jones' widow, with emotion: "I hope you are happy, Jones." Jones raps out: "Far happier than I ever was on earth." Jones' widow: "Oh, Jones, then you must be in heaven?" Jones: "On the contrary."